

PIONEERS

OF

ELK VALLEY

DEL NORTE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

By FRANCES TURNER McBETH

Fifty years in the history of Elk Valley
from 1850 to the turn of
the century

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*Regards
Frances Turner McBeth*

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FOREWORD

The Valley had been formed by the upheaval of the earth millions of years ago. The tremendous underground forces that folded and uplifted the hills to the east also caused the ocean to recede, leaving a wide plain. The many streams coming down from the hills brought sediment to build up the soil. The hills became forested with fir, spruce and redwoods. Ferns, trilliums and all the lesser shrubs made a natural cover for the small animals and birds.

Between the hills and the ocean, where the ground was damp and fertile, redwood seeds germinated, and eventually a forest of giants bordered the western side of the Valley, protecting it from the strong northwesterly winds.

In the Valley proper, rich meadows of wild grass fed herds of deer and elk. The Indians crept stealthily through the thimbleberry and salmonberry thickets, watching for an unwary one for their arrows. Theirs was a happy, carefree life—the ocean gave them clams, mussels and many kinds of fish—the Valley furnished all kinds of game, from the elk to the quail and robin. The elk were trapped in pits, ten or twelve feet deep, covered over with brush and made to look like the surroundings, so that the elk would fall into them and be unable to get out.

The forest gave them saplings for their tepees and the soft fern for their beds. Hazelnuts grew in profusion and many kinds of berries ripened in the shade of the tall trees. The long flexible branches of the hazelnut bush gave them the essentials for their baskets, which were often trimmed with the black stems of the maidenhair fern that grew in the cool shade near the streams.

For centuries the Indians were undisturbed and their lives were tranquil. No hostile neighbors were theirs, and the Great Spirit brought plenty of rain to keep the Valley green but sent them only small amounts of snow and freezing weather to chill their bones.

EARLY EXPLORERS

In the early 1800's, men from England, Spain, Russia, and the United States were busy exploring the western coast of North America—some by land and some by sea.

Jedediah Strong Smith was, so far as records show, the first white man to come through this far northern country of California. He camped near the site of the present Crescent City for several days while his party recouped, and they hunted and dried meat for the days ahead of them. The hunters, no doubt, wandered into the Valley for deer and elk, as Smith records in his diary, "Several of us went hunting and Joseph LaPoint in the morning killed the largest Elk I had ever seen. He was not verry (*sic*) fat but tolerable good meat. His size induces me to weigh the meat which I found to weigh 695 lbs. neat weight exclusive of the tongue and some other small pieces which would have made it over 700 pounds. In the evening hunt Mr. Virgin and myself each killed an Elk not as large as the one before mentioned but one of them was very good meat."

After gold was discovered in California in 1848 and it became the lodestar of the great migration to the West, many miners dreamed also of a large seaport on the northern shores of California, as a port of supply for the northern mines.

The schooner *Cameo*, with its explorer crew, made its way northward from San Francisco in February of 1850 and reached Rocky Point near the present Crescent City before turning back. That same year, in March, a company of men chartered the schooner *Paragon* for an exploring expedition north of San Francisco along the coast, running into Crescent City harbor for shelter. After doing some exploring, everyone boarded the *Paragon* before dark and made ready for the night. About midnight a gale came up and both anchors parted. Despite every effort to save the schooner, the *Paragon* drifted ashore on the beach and the men were unable to refloat it. They were marooned here for a month before they were able to attract the notice of any other vessel to pick them up. The bay was named Paragon Bay by the first landward exploring party because of this wrecked schooner, whose skeleton remained visible on the beach below the town for a number of years afterward.

Various legendary tales regarding buried treasure have been connected

with parts of the country the world over. Northern California was not lacking in this respect. Her treasure took the shape of a "Lost Cabin," and many were the versions of the story that were told around the early mining camps of this northern region.

Because of these tales, Paragon Bay was next seen from the landward side in the spring of 1851. A party, led by Capt. Chas. McDermott, was searching for the "Lost Cabin" in the vicinity of what was later known as French Hill. Ascending to the top of the mountain, they saw before them a beautiful panorama of ocean and shore, with here and there a slight curve in the coast line. At one spot in particular there seemed to be a deeper indentation, which caused them to believe that here was a bay of considerable size. They did not find the "Lost Cabin," but the report of the discovery of this bay was circulated around the mining camps of Southern Oregon and Northern California.

CHAPTER TWO

THE VALLEY IS NAMED

James Brooking heard the story of Paragon Bay and became interested in a project to found a town along the Northern California coast. His first attempt, in Jacksonville, Oregon, to organize an exploring party in the fall of 1852 was thwarted by a terrible storm. The party reached Sailors Diggings (Waldo) and disbanded. A month later, the storm having blown itself out, Brooking, assisted by Capt. J. H. Bodley, was able to interest other men in his project and they made the necessary preparations for such a trip. Their hardships were many over this rugged country; food gave out, some men got lost, and canyons and rivers were dangerous to traverse in the late fall.

Many days passed, but on that morning when they reached the high point on the Coast Range and saw spread before them a bird's-eye view of the broad Pacific and the country below them, they felt amply repaid for their hardships. After enjoying this panorama, they continued on their way down the mountain.

Several days of struggling through the thick brush and timber brought them in view of the Valley. And this is our first recorded description of the Valley:

"As far as the eye could see, the valley was covered with luxuriant verdure. On the near foothills, forests of redwood, spruce and fir reared

their stately forms toward heaven; while lower down in the valley, willow, alder and other varieties of trees struggled with a luxuriant undergrowth of hazel, salmonberry, blackberry and raspberry bushes, brake fern and other outgrowth of a fertile and productive soil.

"Added to this, deer and elk were as plentiful as sheep on the hillsides of some of our western farms and so tame that they actually went in among the pack train, making themselves quite at home." For this reason, the party named the Valley, "Elk Valley," which name it has always retained.

Traveling through the Valley some five or six miles further they soon arrived at the place where Crescent City now stands, and there they pitched their tents.

In February of 1850 when California was divided into counties there were twenty-seven of them—at that time the Valley was in Trinity County. In 1851 Trinity County was divided and the Valley was in Klamath County. Another division was made in 1857, and Del Norte County was formed from the northern part of Klamath County.

CHAPTER THREE

THE VALLEY ECHOES TO THE TRAMP OF PACK TRAINS

After James Brooking and his party had arrived at Paragon Bay, they began to look for Richard Humphrey and the schooner of supplies which he had been detailed to provide. He had taken the quicker route through the Sacramento Valley to San Francisco for this assignment, where he planned to charter a schooner and recruit men and money for help and supplies. This was a reasonably easy job to accomplish in those times as everyone was in an adventuresome mood, especially if there was the gamble of making some money connected with it.

However, Brooking and some of the overland party, tired of waiting, decided to return to Sailors Diggings (Waldo, Oregon). Those who remained started the construction of a log house for protection against the winds and storms, and several men were given the task of keeping meat on hand for the group.

The men who had returned to Sailors Diggings immediately began to organize another exploring party which was called "The Point St. George Exploring Company" and an agreement was drawn up which was signed by each one of the party. This company arrived back at Paragon Bay early in 1853, well provisioned. They shared their supply of food

with the men who had been waiting for several months. Strange as it seemed, James Brooking did not return with this second party. Finally, early in February of 1853, Richard Humphrey and the *Pomona* put in their appearance at Paragon Bay and were greeted with delight by the men who had been awaiting them all the long winter months.

Several men co-operated in laying out the town of Crescent City; among them were A. M. Rosborough, J. F. Wendell, and the Surveyor of Klamath County, T. P. Robinson. The name was suggested by Rosborough because of the crescent shape of the harbor. Lots were deeded to the men in the three founding parties.

Ironically, James Brooking, who organized the first party, did not return to Crescent City until April of 1853, and apparently never owned land in the new town. He went on to Gold Beach, Oregon, but in 1856 came back to Klamath County and purchased a farm in Smith River Valley. In 1868 he built a hotel at Smith River, where he also served as Postmaster and Justice of the Peace for nineteen years, and as County Coroner in 1890.

The first vessel to arrive at the new seaport, with a stock of merchandise, was the *San Francisco*, Captain Goodwin, which anchored in the harbor on May 6, 1853. Gilbert and Farrington had on board 40 or 50 tons of merchandise, and are credited with establishing the first store in the new town. Arranged on a few shelves in a large tent, with boxes and barrels piled wherever possible, were stocks of gunpowder, knives, socks, soap, brass kettles, rope, flatirons, canned fruit, tobacco, lard, razors, chests of tea, bags of beans, barrels of pork, flour, sugar, and coffee, with an ox plow and set of harness hanging from wooden pegs.

Shortly after the steamer *San Francisco* had arrived in Crescent City, the schooner *Pomona* was back again, also in the month of May. On board was W. A. Hamilton with a large stock of general merchandise. On board, also, was a lighter, capable of carrying four or five tons, which was brought from San Francisco for the purpose of landing the schooner's cargo. The goods were loaded on the lighter which was towed through the shallow surf by oxen as far up the beach as possible. The goods were then carried through the surf to the shore, where they were stacked.

The surplus of merchandise at Althouse, Oregon (about 10 miles northeast of Sailors Diggings) had given out, and a large crowd had assembled to buy goods as they were landed from the lighter. Before sunset, \$1,500 worth of merchandise had been landed and sold before it had been removed from the beach, and much of it had already been loaded on pack mules for the Althouse mines.

A trail had been brushed out through the Valley and over the mountains to Oregon. Each succeeding pack train helped to trample the trail into a wider thoroughfare. Soon it was evident that a better trail was needed. The Crescent City *Herald* of January 16, 1856 says, "The trail from this city over Cold Spring Mountain was opened and kept in repair at an expense of about \$3000. to our citizens." Thus began the five years of pack trains through the Valley.

EARLY STOPPING PLACES

Many times the pack trains would load their mules in Crescent City in the afternoon and journey through the Valley to George Jordon's ranch, which was apparently in the vicinity of the Howland and Kemp ranches of today. Here they would rest for the night, feed their animals well, and get an early start over Redwood Ridge at daybreak. Jordon Creek was no doubt named for this early pioneer in the Valley.

In April 1855 this notice appeared in the *Herald*:

"NOTICE

"The undersigned would respectfully inform packers and stock owners generally that he has taken the ranch known as the Jordon's Ranch for the purpose of attending to the Ranching of Stock in all its details.

"The above ranch is situated very convenient to town, is well watered and from the excellent quality of the grazing affords unrivalled inducements to those wishing their stock ranched. The proprietor will be in town every day and all orders left at No. 8 Hotel or at Mr. Allen's Saddler Shop will be punctually attended to, both as to receiving stock for the ranch and returning same. Terms moderate.

"John Mavity"

The Mavity place included the acreage which later became the Howland ranch. John Mavity built a water wheel in Jordon Creek which was used to water the summer pasture and provide water for the watering troughs for the stock. In 1863-65 John Mavity of Elk Valley served as Supervisor for the Second District, according to an old newspaper item. Eli Howland purchased this ranch from John Mavity in 1870.

About 1865-66, Mrs. Harriet Record Charles and her son, Will Record, came to live for a few years at the "Old Mavity Place" as it was then referred to. Harriet was the mother of Ellen Record who had married John Nickel. In 1869, Harriet married Theron Crook of Smith River and they went to Port Orford to live. Mr. Crook held the job of Port Commissioner or Inspector of this seaport town in Oregon. Theron Crook had first married Nancy Hamilton and they had nine children. He was one of the very early settlers in Smith River Valley.

Another early stopping place in the Valley was the Nickel place. It was located near the northern end of the Valley adjacent to the military Camp Lincoln established in 1862. John Nickel—a young man of 15 years—his mother, Edith Nickel, and his uncle, Gabriel Smith, with his infant son, Emmett, had survived the fever in crossing the plains in 1852 from Missouri. The fever had taken his father, James Nickel, and his aunt and two cousins. The survivors reached Oregon in the fall of 1852. At The Dalles they loaded their goods on a river boat and floated with the current to Fort Vancouver. It was a dangerous trip and took expert boatmen to keep the unwieldy boats from the rocks and whirlpools. Some of their goods were lost en route, but the Nickels finally arrived in the Willamette Valley and settled near Salem, Oregon, for the winter.

The next summer they moved south to the mining town of Sailors Diggings. Here, Edith Nickel kept a boarding house, and they were able to raise some vegetables and grain, also feed for the stock. The business flourished as the miners were making money and were glad to pay well for good food and lodging.

By the summer of 1854, after the seaport of Crescent City was founded, John made several trips with pack trains into the new town. He was looking for land that would be good for farming. Elk Valley seemed to him his land of opportunity. The Indians at Sailors Diggings had become extremely troublesome by the end of 1854. Many of the miners left, and the Nickels were compelled to make a veritable fort of their dwelling for their own protection. The Indians stole their stock and garden produce until food became so scarce that they often had only mountain lion to eat.

Because of this, John had little trouble in persuading his mother and uncle to move south into California in the spring of 1855. They packed whatever they could on pack mules and drove a few head of stock. Some chickens in a coop were tied on top of one of the pack animals' loads, and so they made their way over the mountain to Crescent City. Here, Edith Nickel and Gabriel Smith pre-empted land in Elk Valley for John, who was only eighteen at that time. Gabriel Smith's grandson, John Smith, was County Recorder of Del Norte County for many years.

Gabriel was a doctor, but he was also a good carpenter, and with John's help he built a house and necessary barns and farm buildings. They cleared land for more farming and grazing and brought water to the house from an adjacent spring in V troughs. This was the beginning of the estate which John Nickel established in his lifetime.

In 1864—after having been introduced via correspondence by Mrs. Mary (Polly) Foster to Ellen Record of Corvallis, Oregon, and having made one trip to visit Ellen—John and Ellen Record were married on May 8, 1864 at the Simpson Chapel in Corvallis, Oregon, by Rev. J. Driver. Ellen was seventeen years old when she and John rode horseback from Corvallis to Elk Valley on their honeymoon.

Ellen worked hard caring for the teamsters and cooking meals. Part

of the time she had a Chinese cook, but it was strenuous work for a young girl. She often told this story: "One night while the teamsters were eating their supper, Ellen began to count noses and discovered that she was one bed short in the bunk house. Puzzled, she finally told the men her problem, with this solution, 'Now, whoever in the group thinks they are the cleanest, I'll let them sleep in the house.' The most bewhiskered, unkempt old fellow of the group, whose clothes were stiff with grime, stood up and announced, 'I'm clean.'"

Subsequently, John and Ellen had three daughters, Rosa Lee, born in 1865, who married Morris Hancock; Laurien, born in 1866, who died of brain fever after a severe case of measles when about two years old; and Ida, born in 1870, who married Frank Turner.

One time, when his girls were small, John and his family had gone for a walk over the first old trail into the county which entered the Valley back of the Nickel house. As they stood on the hill overlooking their farm and the Valley, John laughingly remarked, "The first time I came over this trail, I had a wife and two cayuses, now I have a wife and two papooses."

CHAPTER FIVE

THE TURNPIKE

Only a year after Crescent City was established, agitation began for a road over the mountains into Oregon. A public meeting was held on June 12, 1854 for the preliminary organization of a stock company to build a plank and turnpike road from Crescent City to Yreka via Oregon. The corporate name selected was the "Crescent City and Yreka Plank and Turnpike Company."

It is interesting to note the origin of the word "turnpike." A pike was a short spear, and in the very early times of our country, a soldier with a pike met you at the tollgate. The pike was pointed at the traveler until the toll was paid—then the pike was turned to allow the person to pass on—thus turnpike.

The following is part of a report published in the *Herald* on April 22, 1857 regarding a survey for the turnpike. "We commenced the survey of the Central route at a point on the beach a short distance SE of the SE corner of the townsite of Crescent City, running in nearly a direct line into Elk Valley near the southern line of the NW quarter of Sec. 27—keeping clear of the point of heavy timber; thence N 38½ E, passing the western base of Rosborough mound to the north bank of Taylor's Creek; thence N 17½ E passing between Mavity's house and barn and the west-

ern base of Thornton's mound [this is now called McNamara's Mound] near Mrs. Edith Nickel's [John Nickel's mother] dwelling house; then N along the foot of the hill to a low flat gulch, running from Redwood ridge; distance to this point six miles." This report was submitted by D. C. Lewis, surveyor, J. H. Gordon and W. C. Crandall.

By arduous efforts on the part of the leaders in the seaport town, on the 30th of May, 1858, the first teams from Jacksonville arrived, and by the fall of 1858 stages were running regularly between Crescent City and Yreka via Jacksonville, Oregon. For over ten years, until the Gasquet Road was built over Howland Hill, many four- and six-horse teams with their tinkling bells wound their way through the farms of the Valley and over the Ridge to the Peacock Ferry crossing of Smith River. The cumbersome freight wagons carried loads of groceries, liquors, ammunition and other necessities for the miners of Southern Oregon and Northern California. This road, with a few changes, still runs the length of the Valley.

CHAPTER SIX

THE FIRST SETTLER IN THE VALLEY

(This sketch of the Walton family was written by Minnie Walton Campbell of Crescent City.)

George Walton, early pioneer to Crescent City, left his home in Niles, Michigan, in 1851 in company with 19 others to cross the plains to California, via wagon train, in quest of gold. All arrived safely in Oregon in due time, where they spent the first winter mining.

In June 1853, George and his brother, Joseph, with two or three others of their party, arrived in Del Norte County, setting up camp along the beach in front of what was later to be "The Walton Ranch." Soon George acquired several acres of land, paying \$100 per acre for it from the then owner, Thomas McGrew. Here George started a brickyard, manufacturing brick for the first brick buildings to be erected in Crescent City. As he could afford it, he continued buying more acreage adjoining his holdings. As time passed George forgot about his quest for gold and his plans to return to his home in the East after he had made his fortune in the mines, for now there were other and far more important things to be done. The most important, now, was to put the finishing touches to the little white cottage that was in the process of building.

On October 13, 1859, George Walton and Millicent (Minnie) Adair, who had come to California in 1857 from New York with her cousin, Mrs. Thomas G. Kingsland, and family, were married. Immediately following the wedding, which took place at the Kingsland home (now the W. A. Howe home), George and Minnie set up housekeeping in the little white cottage on the Elk Valley road, which proved to be their home for the remainder of their lives.

After six years, on October 9, 1865, their first child was born, followed in time by other children which added up to three girls and three boys, namely: Alida, Robert, Alice, George Jr., Frank, and Minnie.

Those first years in the little white cottage were hectic ones for my mother. She was deathly afraid of Indians who at that time were unfriendly to the whites. They roamed about at all times, and if my mother looked out and saw an Indian coming toward the house she would lock the doors and windows and hide away in the house until they were gone. In the following years the Indians became friendly to the whites and often visited them. The old Indian doctor who lived at Pebble Beach and operated a "Sweat House" as a "cure-all" for his patients was a frequent visitor at our home (and also at Annie Edward's home which was located a mile farther on in Elk Valley). He would look in at the kitchen door, and, beating time on the doorstep with his cane, he would chant, "Annie's tea 'High-U' sour! Annie's tea 'High-U' sour! Mrs. George's tea 'High-U' good, 'High-U' good!" This was a nice compliment and always brought forth *an extra spoonful of sugar* for Doctor's tea. Needless to say he used the same method at Annie's house to get more sugar which he dearly loved.

Years passed and the children were growing up. The fine three-acre orchard which George had planted was in bearing, furnishing apples, pears, plums and cherries for family use, and apples for the market. Apples were sold in the local market at 1¢ per pound. My father was a wonderful gardener and for many years furnished Hobbs, Wall & Company vegetables of all kinds at one cent per pound for their several Cook Houses. He also raised strawberries for the local market at 10¢ per one-pound box. The children were taught to pick strawberries for the market as soon as they were old enough. As children we had chores a-plenty to do, and very little money to spend. (My allotment was three 10-cent pieces on the Fourth of July—and what a perfectly wonderful time I had spending them!)

My mother was a splendid reader, and how we children loved to gather around a big fire in the fireplace on winter evenings and listen to the stories she would read to us from the *Youth's Companion*. We always had our Sundays off for Sunday School or Church, and for visiting our friends. Occasionally there was a Church Social or a party to enjoy. We always had plenty of young company, for our schoolmates loved to visit at the ranch and to "eat their fill" of fruit from the big orchard.

All of the Walton children attended school in Crescent City, one mile from our Elk Valley home. We walked that mile twice a day.

"Let it rain, or let it blow,
Let it hail, or let it snow,"

we walked; and very seldom did we miss a day at school. It certainly did us no damage, for most of the family have lived well beyond the "three score years and ten."

My father had continued to add more acreage to his holdings and finally had 400 acres of land, and had built up a fine dairy herd of 70 or more Jersey cows. Butter was made at home and shipped by boat to the San Francisco market. The sons, now, were provided with a full-time job at home.

More than forty years have passed since any member of the family has lived on the old homestead. The ranch was sold many years ago and sub-divided. That portion along the beach is now industrial property, occupied by oil stations, modern motels, etc. The Dutton Lumber Company has a fine big plant on that portion of the ranch lying to the northeast. The old home was totally destroyed by fire twenty or more years ago.

The youngest of the pioneer Waltons' grandsons, Shirley Adair Campbell, with his wife, Juanita, are building themselves a home on the northeast corner of the old orchard site. Looking out over the surrounding area, there is to be seen just one old, moss-covered, apple tree that has stood there alone these many years as a reminder of other spring days . . . when our pioneer father's grand old orchard was at its loveliest, and the fragrance of apple blossoms filled the air.

CHAPTER SEVEN

CAMP LINCOLN

Because of the influx of miners and settlers into the northwest corner of California and the existence of much ill-feeling among the Indians upon being deprived of their fishing and hunting grounds, the United States Government deemed it necessary to establish a fort or military camp near Crescent City in September 1862. So it was that Camp Lincoln came into being. It was established on an eminence at the extreme northern end of the Valley. It was also adjacent to the turnpike which led over the mountains to Southern Oregon.

An early-day traveler, Joseph Snowden Bacon, describes it in *Ballou's Monthly Magazine* of the 1860's: "Having transacted our business and bidding adieu to our hostess of the Del Norte Hotel, who had made our

stay of two or three days exceedingly pleasant, we left Crescent City intending to stop at the copper mines on our way.

"An open buggy and a pair of fine horses bore us rapidly through the beautiful valley lying between Crescent City and the foot of the mountain. The road—a turnpike and toll road—passes up the Valley some six miles to Camp Lincoln, when it takes to the mountains and its rough features begin to be apparent. We passed several freight wagons, with six-mule teams, each animal ornamented with a row of bells, discoursing sweet music, loaded with ore from the mines.

"Camp Lincoln is beautifully situated at the head of the Valley. A cluster of buildings comprising the cottages of the officers and the barracks for the troops (painted the yellowish hue always seen in Uncle Sam's particular domain) formed the hollow square of the parade ground, in the center of which was erected the flagstaff, from which floated the National Flag, its bright colors more brilliant in the beams of the morning sun. A solitary sentinel paced his lonely round, his well-polished musket flashing in the sunlight at every turn and altogether it was the scene for a painter. But our road was upward and onward and we entered the dense growth of timber, principally fir, spruce and redwood. We passed over a graded road, not altogether bad, but very steep—two miles from Camp Lincoln to the summit."

The land on which the camp was located had originally been assigned to John Y. Valentine for his service with the Louisiana Militia during the War of 1812, who sold it to George Herrall in 1862. He apparently was the owner of the land from whom it was leased by the Government for the camp. After the camp was abandoned, in 1869-70, Herrall and his wife, Mary Ann, sold it to Marcellus Lucas and his wife, Ellen, who lived on the ranch for about ten years. They sold it to George and Ellen Jones, who lived there for about fifteen years. Martin Jones bought it in 1880. He was no relation to George but was the son of Martin Van Buren Jones, Sr., who brought his bride to Crescent City in 1853. Martin V. Jones, Jr. was born in Crescent City on December 21, 1868, so was a true pioneer of the county.

The Journal of Company G, 2nd Infantry Regiment, California Volunteers, written by Private George E. Young of that Company, is one of the best sources of information regarding this military camp. Young says: "September 12th 1862. At an early hour the Company were mustered under heavy marching order, the main part of the Company took up the line of march for the site of the New Camp where upon arriving they found some little preparations had been made by five or six men who had been dispatched some days before to clear away things and make ready for the coming Command. This location is a tolerably passable one being situated upon a gentle decline so that the Parade

Grounds will be naturally drained during the rainy season. The view from the Flag Staff is quite pleasant although not extensive, being encompassed with dense woods."

The next day another detachment of soldiers arrived on the steamer *Panama*. "The command had become now enlarged and Battalion Drill was now thoroughly adopted. Preparations were now being made of a permanent character preparatory to the coming of winter. A fine Flag Staff, erected, a substantial and commodious Guard House built upon a little eminence commanding a fine view of the Grounds with the Commanding Officer's Residence, a tastefully built cottage, together with the Officers' Quarters all betoken the establishment of a permanent post. The work of building up the Post now commenced in earnest and was progressing rapidly. Nearly every man turned to Daily Duty and set to work at something."

In addition to the buildings mentioned above, the post when completed contained two company quarters, a company messroom, a hospital kitchen, a Quartermaster and Commissary storeroom, an officers' mess-room and kitchen, several laundress' quarters, a carpenter shop, and Quartermaster stable. A sutler's store was several hundred yards to the south and there were several kitchen gardens. Martin Jones remembered his father telling of coming out to the camp to deliver meat.

Young's journal is filled with material which gives an insight into soldier life of the time and place. There were occasional chases after deserters, but very few "scouts" for hostile Indians. Apparently the Indians who chose to remain at Smith River were of a more peaceful sort or were deterred by the presence of troops. Others not peacefully inclined simply left Smith River and made their way through the forests to their old haunts where sporadic warfare continued for several years.

Young tells of swans and canvasbacks at the "Lagoon," now Lake Earl; of Indian maidens being tied to the flagstaff by the Sergeant of the Guard (offense not stated); of a concert at Crescent City on Christmas Eve, 1862, by the "Harmonic Minstrels of Company C and G"; of a few deaths in the command with burials at Crescent City; and of helping young "Billy the Drummer" draft a touching plea to General Wright for restoration to duty from a sentence for desertion. Of course, the journal records Young's complaints on various subjects such as the Sunday parades, certain officers, the recruit training, the rain, and the distance to the mess hall. He mentions in light vein the "amphibious tastes and habits of the habitants of Del Norte County," and the poor quality of whiskey served at Crescent City.

March 31, 1863, came an event awaited for thirteen months: Payday! Settlement of debts to the government and to the sutler had priority, whereupon most of those who had any greenbacks remaining took off on the stage for town. Later came preaching in Company G's quarters by the Reverend Mr. Hinckley. "The meeting called out everybody, Civil and Military, Farmers and their families, Officers with their wives and daughters. All present and accounted for."

with a double fireplace, and four rooms upstairs, with a large hall. The house, when built, had a brick walk from the front around the south side to the back. The fireplace was very well constructed with a huge foundation, about eight feet square, of logs filled in with rocks and cement, in the basement. In later years the house had settled but the fireplace held it up in the middle. The timbers for the foundation and flooring were all hand-hewn, but the siding was very good sawed lumber, probably having been shipped in here by boat.

Martin, Jr., or Pat as he was called by everyone, married Effie Dryden in 1893 and they had three children, Arthur, who has lived in Chicago for many years, Verald, who was killed by a redwood tree falling on his cabin in the logging woods, and Carol, who married Collins McClendon and lives in Crescent City. They all attended Lincoln School in the Valley.

Martin Van Buren Jones, Jr. and his wife, Effie, lived in Elk Valley for over forty years and took part in all the community activities. Martin, Jr. died in Crescent City on September 26, 1953, and at the time of his death was Del Norte's oldest living native-born son. Effie lived in Crescent City and enjoyed the meetings of the Elk Valley Club every month for a number of years. She died in September 1960.

Martin Jr.'s father, Martin Van Buren Jones, Sr., when twenty-one years old, rode horseback across the plains from Illinois, where he had joined the wagon train of Nancy and Liberty Vaughan, in 1852. Their daughter, Maria, and Martin became well acquainted on the long journey, and this friendship blossomed into a deeper affection that carried them to the altar the next year.

Martin Sr. came to Crescent City first in March of 1853 with Nicholas McNamara, just about the time that Crescent City was being organized. Being impressed with this new country and its latent opportunities, Martin went back to Oregon to claim his bride. He and Maria Vaughan were married at Middleton, Oregon, on September 25, 1853. Immediately following their marriage they set forth with three saddle horses over a rough and rugged trail for Crescent City. Mrs. Jones was the first bride to arrive in the new town. The bride and groom settled on a ranch at Point St. George, where their first child, Clara, was born on February 27, 1856. She was the first white girl to be born in the county. Two days after Clara's birth, she and her mother were wrapped in a feather bed and taken from their Point St. George home to Crescent City, under heavy guard, to avoid the wrath of the Indians on the warpath. All of the women and children were taken into a stone warehouse for protection during the hostilities.

In the early days of her marriage, Maria often found herself alone in her woodland cabin. Whenever anyone approached, she bolted the windows and door and kept very still so that visitors would think no one was home. During these times an outlaw Indian was wanted in Crescent City and a reward was offered for his head. One day, as Maria was busily

attending to her chores, she saw an Indian approaching. She quickly locked up her cabin, according to custom, and sat quietly within. After hearing something land on the porch and the footsteps leave the cabin, she regained her courage and peered out. The Indian was heading for the well to quench his thirst. Curiously she gazed around the porch. Shivers enveloped her spine as she spotted the object carried by the intruder, the wanted Indian's head. The Indian was on his way to town to collect his reward.

Martin and Maria's children were Clara Jones Henderson, Charles Fremont Jones, Cyrus Jones (drowned in Elk River, Humboldt County, trying to save his son, who also drowned), Quincy Adams Jones, Emma Jones Berry, Martin Van Buren Jones, Jr., Maria Jones Ridgely, and Walter Jones. All are now deceased, but they are survived by about one hundred heirs.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LINCOLN SCHOOL

School Days! School Days!
Dear old Golden Rule Days!
Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic,
All taught to the tune of a Hickory Stick.

The first school in the Valley was held in one of the rooms of the old barracks building at the abandoned Camp Lincoln. The barracks building had four rooms with two double fireplaces, and a narrow porch running along the entire front. The room at the south end was used for the schoolroom, which, according to the record of the proceedings of the County Supervisors of 1871, was established in March of that year. It was first called Camp Lincoln School, later, just Lincoln School. Peter Costello was one of the very early teachers in this first location. Rosa Nickel Hancock recalled that at one time she had attended school one term at the old barracks.

Probably about 1872, the residents of the Valley decided that the school should be located more centrally. John Nickel donated an acre of land to the north of McNamara's Mound for a school site. John and Peter Morscher, being carpenters, offered to build the school. Others donated lumber and labor, and soon the little schoolhouse was completed.

Many early residents of the county taught at Lincoln School. Peter Costello, one of the earliest teachers, later served as Justice of the Peace in Crescent City and County Superintendent of Schools. L. F. Coburn was Eva McNamara's first teacher; Charles Edgerton taught six months at

Lincoln School, and later, while serving as President of the Board of Education, he helped to organize Del Norte County High School. He died in 1948. Mrs. Anna Wulf (then Miss Gilbert) taught for a year; Mrs. Louise Roy, a resident of Elk Valley, taught for a year or more; Mrs. Alida Leishman, a daughter of George Walton, also taught, and later, in 1904, became Superintendent of Schools. Mrs. Frances Davis Ferrill substituted for a few months one spring. George Berry, Sr., Margaret Keating, Bea Moldrop, and four descendants of John Nickel (Rosa and Ida, his daughters; and Ruth and Frances Turner, his granddaughters) were a few of the other teachers of Lincoln School. John Nickel served as County Superintendent of Schools in 1872-73, with a salary of \$150 a year.

Besides the children in the Valley proper, there were several families who lived on the crossroad between the Elk Valley road and the Smith River road. The Vierras, now called Maciel, lived here, and the Yarbrough family and the Frank George family. All of their children attended Lincoln School.

The three Moscher (also spelled Morscher in some of the old records) brothers, John, Peter and Rupert, arrived in the United States about 1865 from Austria, where Peter and John had been cabinet makers. These two were naturalized in 1873.

In 1871, Peter and John each bought 80 acres from John Kirkham, and later, Rupert bought 160 acres. Peter and his wife, Hannah, had two daughters, Annie, and Ellen who married Jas. P. Barney and moved to Michigan.

John married Mrs. Morse, a widow with one daughter, Annie. They later had a son, John, and a daughter, Alvena. The family sold the ranch in the early 1900's and moved to Calistoga where Alvena still lives.

Peter's wife, Hannah, had the misfortune to break her ankle at one time. Dr. Ernest Fine deemed it necessary to amputate the foot and performed the operation on the kitchen table with a carpenter's saw, Bob Howland giving the chloroform. The operation proved successful and Hannah lived a number of years afterward. Such were the experiences of early pioneer doctors.

Rupert did not stay long in the county. He sold his property to James L. Alpaugh in 1879 and moved to Montgomery County, Kansas.

Living across the road from the Moschers were the Thomas Stantons. Tom had come from Ireland, and besides working on his farm, he was a logger. His wife, Annie, died at an early age. They had one son, Ed, and one daughter, Annie, who left the county as young folk and made their homes in San Francisco. Tom lived on his ranch until he became too old to work it, then he moved to Crescent City.

The little schoolhouse served the community well. It was the meeting place for dances, for community Christmas trees and programs, for the meeting of the Grange, and for any other entertainment for the benefit of the neighborhood. On July 22, 1899, which was on Saturday evening, "Master Robert Buckner, the Boy Orator, gave an illustrated lecture on 'The Cuban War.' Master Buckner was only twelve years old. Fifty-two fine views were thrown on 100 square feet of canvas." So reads an old handbill. No doubt this lecture was well attended.

One Christmas program, prepared by Ida Turner, was preserved in an old notebook. It was the Christmas of 1902 and this was the program:

Song—Joy to the World—Audience
Prayer—J. R. Nickel
Recitation—Annie and Willie's Prayer—Cora Field
Recitation—What Boys Are Good For—Alfred Baine
Song—Santa Claus
Song—Buy My Flowers—Dora Baine
Recitation—That Bad Teddy Brown—Roy Deo
Recitation—The Kitten, the Fish and the Butterfly—Ruth Turner
Recitation—Pussy Grey—Flossie Baine
Song—Christmas Bells—Everyone
Recitation—Kris Kringle—Ralph Howard
Recitation—A Letter From Santa Claus—Maud Field
Recitation—The Way to Do It—Arthur Jones
Song—Robin Is Dead—Lolo Gupton
Recitation—Christmas Questions—Arthur Field
Recitation—A Christmas Gift—Lillie Baine
Reading—Annie Moscher
Recitation—Johnny's Pumpkin—Wilson Baine
Comic Recitation—Reuben Moore
Recitation—A Christmas Prayer—Lolo Baine
Recitation—James Love
Duet and Chorus—The Little Street Singers—Lolo and Stevie Gupton
Recitation—The Night After Christmas—Laf Baine
Recitation—When Georgie Had a Beau—Stevie Gupton
Song—Dash It Down—Everyone
Dialogue—Stealing Chickens
Recitation—Christmas Gift—Stevie Gupton
Recitation—How He Saved St. Michael's—Emma Gupton
Song—Nobody's Child—Vernie Champlin
Recitation—Mamie Gupton
Comic Recitation—Mr. Champlin
Song—Under the Willows
Recitation—Vernie Champlin
Duet and Chorus—Ring the Glad Bells
Dialogue—Mr. St. Nicholas

This program was probably not as long as it sounds since some recitations by the youngest children contained only a few lines. After the program came the gifts and the Christmas tree, with oranges and fancy cookies for a treat.

TEACHERS WHO TAUGHT AT LINCOLN SCHOOL:

Peter Costello—early 1870's	1900's
1880's and 1890's	Mrs. Ida Nickel Turner
L. J. Powell	Miss Frances Davis (Ferrill)
L. F. Coburn	Miss Adele Myers
Miss Dohney	George T. Berry, Sr.
Miss Brady	Miss Ellen Berry (Jones)
Miss Kate Mason	Miss Margaret Morrison (Keating)
Miss Rosa Nickel (Hancock)	Miss Bea Moldrop
Charles Edgerton	Miss Spangler
E. S. Hammond	Miss Darrell
Miss Tillie Hendershott	Miss Alma Parks
Mr. Coulter	Miss Kennedy
Samuel Hamilton	Miss Anna Hanson
Miss Monohan	Mrs. Nellie Morrison
Miss Ruby Hamilton (Beacom)	Mrs. Beulah Hussey
Edwin Moore	Harold Jenkins
Sarah Fountain (Sanborn)	Miss Rose Hengii (Marks)
Miss Nellie Jeffrey	Mrs. Clare Brogan
Mrs. L. M. Roy	Miss Marie Pozzi
Miss Seaman	Miss Ruth Turner (Drury)
Miss Anna Gilbert (Wulf)	Miss Frances Turner (McBeth)
Mrs. Alida Walton Leishman	

This list is incomplete, but thanks to Mrs. Eva McNamara, who has remembered many of the teachers in the school throughout the years, we have these names.

The ELK VALLEY GRANGE No. 255 was organized and approved by Deputy H. W. Arbogast, July 23rd, 1875, with nineteen charter members whose names were: J. R. Nickel, Mrs. R. E. Nickel, G. Walton, Mrs. M. Walton, J. W. Young, M. F. J. Young, T. Beam, D. Griffin, J. Fairchild, E. W. Smith, A. Gordon, H. C. Finch, G. W. Emery, Mrs. M. Emery, J. Bertsch, W. Hargreaves, Mrs. N. A. Rexford, Mrs. L. Hargreaves, W. R. Rexford. It was located in the Township of Elk Valley in the County of Del Norte, and presumably it met in the schoolhouse as there was no hall in the Valley. W. R. Rexford was the Master and E. W. Smith was the Secretary.

The *Crescent City Courier* of March 25, 1876 reports, "Elk Valley Grangers are enterprising and as wide awake as their brethren, the Dairy-men. They are now looking for a number of hands from below which are expected on the first vessel that arrives. The State Immigration Bu-

reau has written to Mr. Nickel informing him to be ready to appoint them to situations. Farmers, dairymen and others wanting to hire hands should therefore make known their wishes immediately to Mr. Nickel, who will endeavor to supply them with a man."

In the proceedings of the 7th Annual Session of the State Grange in 1879-80, in the list of Granges represented, Elk Valley Grange was represented by J. Burtch (Bertsch). No record was found as to how long this grange was in existence.

The GOOD TEMPLARS LODGE was another organization which claimed the attention of a number of the residents of the Valley. This Lodge met at a hall on Front Street in Crescent City every Saturday night. It was organized in 1870 by L. W. Olmstead with twenty-five members. For fifteen years the I.O.G.T. was represented at the Grand Lodge of California, and at one time attained a membership of ninety-two. In 1877, Mrs. J. R. Nickel and Mrs. Lizzie Valentine were delegates to Grand Lodge. The *Courier* in 1876 noted that "the Good Templars are having quite a revival. Their numbers need swelling, while those of the intemperate need decreasing. There will soon be some more coming to aid you. Mrs. Nickel has procured the names of about fourteen persons who expect to take the initiatory degree in a short time, she being one of the number." Unfortunately no list of the members has come to light, although the Good Templars Lodge is still in existence.

Besides the dances in the schoolhouse, Surprise Parties were an integral part of the life of the Valley. Great secrecy was displayed in planning these affairs to keep the recipients from learning about them. It was considered a great triumph if the family was caught in the throes of Saturday night baths or had retired for the night.

One such party was recorded in the *Del Norte Record* of January 19, 1891: "Editor *Record*—On last Saturday evening about eight o'clock, the young folks of Elk Valley started out for a ride in the deep mud and the bright light of the moon, which had purposely shown itself on that occasion and decided to stop at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Giacomini. [They were living in and renting John Nickel's second house near McNamara's Mound.] That couple were surprised and well pleased at the smiling faces that wished them a good evening and after a time the dining room was cleared of chairs and tables and the dancing was begun.

"Music was furnished by Wm. Fisher, Chas. Hills and Aelius Giacomini on the violin and A. Buzzini and J. Barbatine on the accordion. About midnight, refreshments were served and then the dance continued until three in the morning.

"Those present were: Mrs. H. E. Olsen, Mrs. James Alpaugh, Mrs. K. Wagner, Miss Augusta Fisher, Miss Mary Jones, Miss Eva Alpaugh, Miss Eliza Bosch, the Misses Mollie, Clara, and Libby Howland, Mamie



Elk Valley about 1908

James Alpaugh and Robert Howland ranches at extreme left.
Ben Howland brick kilns at extreme right.



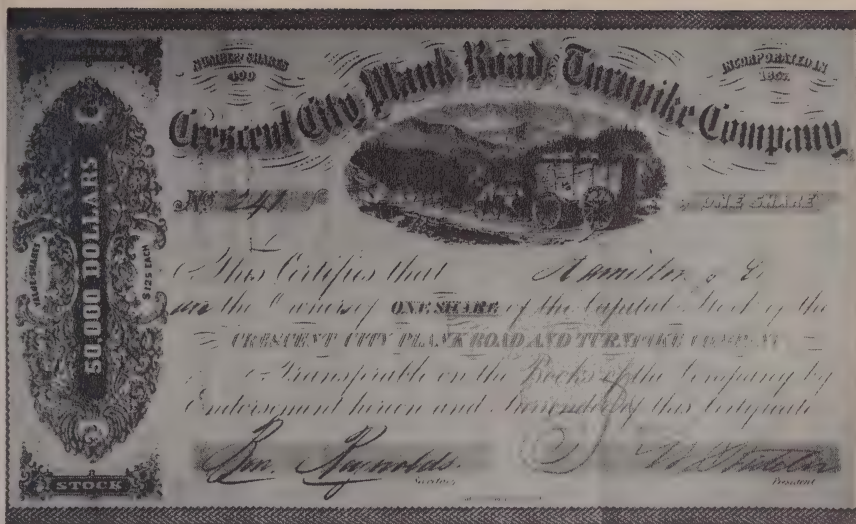
Crescent City in 1855



John Nickel's First Home
Mr. Moore, Harriet Crook, Ida Nickel, Rosa Nickel, Maggie
Young, Ellen Nickel, John Nickel.



John Nickel and Ellen Record Nickel.
Taken at Corvallis, Oregon—May 8, 1864.



Monument marking the first road from
 Crescent City into Oregon which was
 surveyed in 1854, completed in 1858.
 Three generations of the McNamara
 family are represented here. From left:
 Clifford, Helen, Eva McNamara, Eileen
 Moore and Ralph McNamara. (1959)



George Walton, Sr.



Millicent Adair Walton,
wife of George Sr.



The George Walton home



Northern end of Elk Valley—McNamara's Mound in distance.
Old Camp Lincoln in foreground—John Nickel ranch in center.



Guard Mounting at Camp Lincoln No. 2 in 1862



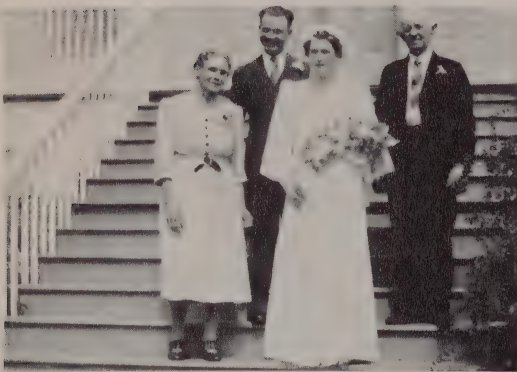
Side View of Officers' Quarters at Camp Lincoln.
Picture taken when ranch owned by Martin V. Jones, Jr.



Martin V. Jones, Sr.



Martin Jr. and Effie Jones



Effie Jones
Collins McClendon
Carol Jones McClendon
Martin (Pat) Jones



Old barracks building at Camp Lincoln. Later used as a schoolroom for Camp Lincoln School—the first school in the Valley.



The first Lincoln School, built about 1872.
Picture taken in early 1900's.



Lincoln School in 1908

Back row: Lois and Ruth Turner, Mena Vierra, Esther Yarbrough, Adele Myers (teacher), Marie Vierra, Manda Yarbrough, Nellie Hancock. 2nd row: Finola Howland, Louisa Vierra, Ella Howland, Isabel Vierra, Frances Turner. Front row: Lee Howland, Tony Vierra, Arthur Jones, Roy Deo, John Vierra, Robert Spurr, Elmer Howland.



McNamara's Mound
With first Lincoln School at left — early 1900's.



Robert (Bob) Howland in front of his home.



Eli Howland



Mary Means Howland



Robert and Ida Howland



Ella and Finola Howland



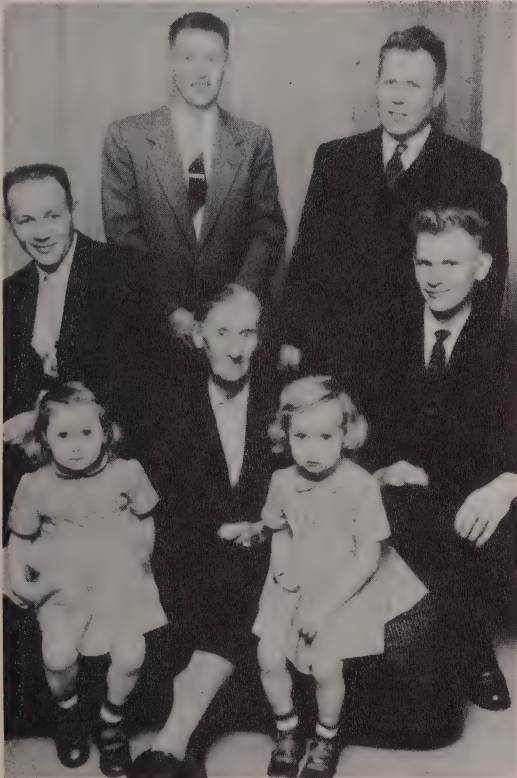
Mr. and Mrs. James Alpaugh and Gertie.



The family of Tom and Eva McNamara
Back row: Frank, Bob and Ralph (twins), John, Joe, Jim.
Seated: Marcia, Velma, Eva (mother), Eileen.



Jack (Leander) Alpaugh with meat delivery wagon.



Grandma Mac and her
three generations of twins.

Bob and Ralph, her sons.

Lester and Leslie Flocchini,
her grandsons.

Pamela and Patricia Moore,
her great granddaughters.



John Nickel's second home—later known as the Turner Place.
On the left is house where Fred and Carrie Deo lived when
Fred was buttermaker at Crystal Springs Creamery.



Fourth of July picnic at Pebble Beach
Carrie Deo, Vivian, Charles and Roy Deo, Grandma Deo,
Nellie Hancock, Frank Turner, Ruth, Frances and Lois
Turner, Ida Turner, and Adele Myers (teacher).



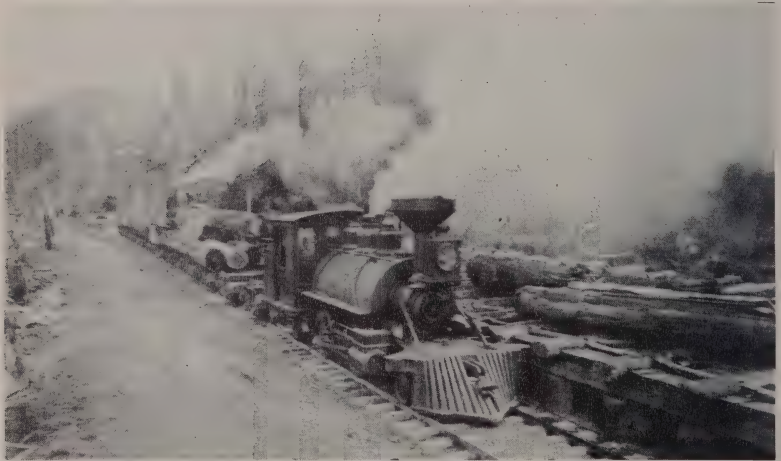
Crystal Springs Creamery



Ida Nickel Turner, Morris Hancock, Rosa Nickel Hancock and Frank Turner.



Old Poll and Jenny. Poll used to wash for Mrs. Nickel, and later came every fall for a basket full of apples and clothing.



Logging engine near Crescent City.

1401636

OREGON



map of Del Norte County

Olsen and Abbie Alpaugh. Robert Howland, D. Buzzini, John Bosch, James Potter, Edward Jones, Geo. Bunch, Elmer Jones, Hugh Edwards, F. Gandon, Julius Cadra and Dan Peveler.

“Signed—A. Wallflower.”

About two weeks later another Surprise Party was written up in the *Record* of January 31, 1891: “A very pleasant and enjoyable surprise party was tendered Mrs. Bosch at her home near Lake Earl on Thursday evening of last week by her many friends in Elk Valley, joined by a few of the lady’s neighbors. Her daughters were let in on the secret but Mrs. Bosch was taken completely by surprise when the crowd broke in upon her and found her busily engaged at the sewing machine. However, the crowd was heartily welcomed and a joyous and happy evening was spent.

“Soon after 8 o’clock, the company was marshalled into the large sitting room and dancing being the order of the evening, all proceeded to trip the light fantastic until about midnight, when they were ushered into the dining room and partook of a sumptuous repast which had been furnished for the occasion. Dancing resumed and continued till 5 a.m., when after bidding the family a kind adieu, the company proceeded to their several homes, well pleased with the night’s entertainment. Aelius Giacomini and Wm. Fisher furnished the music for the dancing which was appreciated by all.

“Among those present were the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. R. Giacomini, Mrs. H. E. Olsen, Mrs. L. Bishop, Miss D. Smith, Miss E. Bosch, Miss Abbie Alpaugh, Miss A. Fisher, Miss Eva Alpaugh, Miss L. Smith, Messrs. J. Bosch, M. Ryan, W. King, Al Duckert, A. Hanseth, T. Joyce, A. W. Engley, J. Tollen, S. Baxter, F. Gandon and J. Hasty.

“A Moonlight Rambler”

CHAPTER NINE

AND PROMENADE ALL!

Swing that Girl, That Pretty Little Girl,
That girl that’s just behind you.
Pass right back, on the same old track
And swing your own beside you.
Allemande Left!
Allemande Right!
All Promenade!

How the rafters of the old schoolhouse rang to this and other square dance calling. And how Bob Howland could swing the couples into their formations, keep time, and never miss a word. And how Mrs. Minerva

Alpaugh outdid the young people, with her full black skirt swinging in circles through the quadrilles.

Then, sometime after midnight, the cakes and the pies, the salads and sandwiches would be spread on tables, and a five-gallon can of coffee made over a bonfire. Everyone tried to sample all of the wonderful pastries and salads. After this respite the dance continued till daylight and time to milk the cows. Most of the smaller children had succumbed and were sleeping away on benches or the floor until their folks bundled them into the wagons for the trip home.

Robert Howland, a true native of the Valley, was born on September 21, 1866, while his parents were living in the John Moscher house, about a mile south of the existing Howland place. Eli and Mary Means Howland, his parents, came across the plains, planning to settle in Oregon, but in crossing the Rockies many of the members of the train became ill with mountain fever. Because of this, at Jacksonville, Oregon, they decided to turn south toward Crescent City and the coast. Robert was born a few months after their arrival in the Valley. The other children of Eli and Mary were Frank, Florence, Harriet, Cindarilla, Emma, Sally, Mollie, Clara, and Elizabeth (Libby).

The following March, Eli Howland bought the ranch at the foot of Howland Hill, an old landmark established by the Howlands' residence there, from a Mrs. Gracie, a Negro lady. Later, in May of 1870, the second ranch—where Finola Howland Stary now lives—was purchased from John Mavity, mentioned under "Early Stopping Places."

Robert Howland and some of his sisters attended the Elk Valley School which was located at the southern end of the Valley on what is now Humboldt Road—near the beach south of Crescent City. In later years he had many stories to tell of his school days in that little old school-house.

Robert married Ida Webster, daughter of Frank and Ella Webster, who at one time ran the Requa Inn, and Frank also served as Supervisor in the County. They were married April 17, 1897, and lived a full and gracious life in the Valley, in their beautiful colonial home set among large shade trees. Here their two daughters were born, Ella, who married A. Calkins, but died as a young woman, and Finola, who married Frank W. Stary. Ella and Finola attended Lincoln School and later Del Norte High School in Crescent City.

In 1947, Robert and Ida Howland celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in their spacious home in the Valley, with the help of their daughter, Finola, and her son, Robert Stary, and their many friends.

Here in the valley of his birth, Robert Howland died on May 30, 1953. His wife died April 13, 1957.

The Howland residence is one of two of the old homes of the pioneer families which still stand and remain in a well-preserved condition. Robert Stary and his wife, Patricia, with their children, Winola, Steven

and Janet, run the ranch of their great-grandfather, Eli Howland. Winola, Steven and Janet are the fifth generation of the family to live in the Valley.

Allemande Left with the old left hand

And back to your partner with a right and left grand.

Go along till you meet your own, and when you meet her
Promenade Home!

CHAPTER TEN

ELK VALLEY SCHOOL

Besides Lincoln School there was the Elk Valley School District, situated at the southern end of Elk Valley, adjacent to Crescent City. The *Del Norte Record* of July 30, 1892 gives a report of the various school districts in the County and the standing in each grade at the June examinations for promotion.

Elk Valley District—Miss Lipowitz, teacher

1st Grade, Minerva Endert	89%
2nd Grade, John Moscher	95%
3rd Grade, Fred Boyet	94%
5th Grade, Belinda Dowdle	97½%
6th Grade, Mary Dowdle	78%
7th Grade, Joe Alexander	77½%

Vena Moscher, 99% in Department

Mr. Henry Alexander's ranch was the farthest from Crescent City, bounded on the south side by Cushing Creek. A correspondent for the *Crescent City News* of December 22, 1893 describes the Alexander ranch: "Editor, *News*: At the fine dairy ranch and home of the Alexander family, we find everything that tends to making a happy home and prosperous family. When anything is proposed all give their opinion and act accordingly. If all parents allowed the boys a say, more boys would find home preferable to the coffin varnish establishments that flourish so grandly to the detriment of a once happy home. The plough is not left in the last furrough (*sic*), the mower where the last hay was cut. But all are housed in the implement shed out of the weather.

"About three days this winter the weather was too cold to permit grass to grow. That is not a bad showing for Del Norte County up to Dec. 11th. Some can tell about 200 lbs. of butter to the cow, but the books here show 194 lbs. of butter to the cow sold off the ranch, taking

butter and milk, used, into consideration would amount to over 200 lbs. to the cow."

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander had four boys, Henry, John, Lyman and Joe, and one girl, Annie. "Del Norte County AS IT IS" says "the Alexander place is a well equipped dairy and everything about his farm indicates thrift and comfort."

Adjoining the Alexander place was the Dave Griffin farm. A report on his farm in 1894 reads: "David Griffin has taken the lead in our county in the introduction of thoroughbred stock. Mr. Griffin takes great pride in his thoroughbred Jersey and Holstein cattle and he deserves much credit for his perseverance in this matter, and his determination to have the best at any cost. Mr. Griffin is also the lucky possessor of two very fine four-year-old colts of the 'Go-Bang' stock, one of which carried off the largest purse in the three-year-old trotting race, in 1893 at the Del Norte Agricultural Association's fair." Mr. and Mrs. Griffin had one boy, Mark Brick, and two girls, Emma and Carrie.

Otto and Julius Steiger and their mother owned the next farm, which was adjacent to the Joseph Bertsch ranch. Joseph Bertsch had bought his ranch from John and Hannah Dodane in 1870.

The Bertsch ranch was 240 acres in area, which he later increased by additional purchases. Mrs. Bertsch had first married a George Endert and their three children were John, Margaret and Joseph. George Endert died in 1857, and several years afterward, Sophia Endert married Joseph Bertsch, who was born in Austria in 1828. To this union were born seven children: Jacob, Frank, Joseph, William, Edward, Marian, and Frederick. Many of the descendants of this fine family still reside in the county.

Sam Dowdell married Emma Griffin and their farm was situated next to the large Bertsch holdings. They had two girls, Mary and Belinda.

To the west of the Dowdell ranch was that of Henry Albert, who had first settled in the Klamath country. In 1881, he had brought his bride from San Francisco, by way of schooner to Crescent City, and horseback to his Klamath homestead. He hewed the timber for his house and barn, and there his three children were born. A few years later he left the Klamath region to go to Colorado but returned within the year, and settled next to the Dowdells in Elk Valley on what was formerly known as the Chapman ranch. In 1895 the Alberts moved to a large orange grove near Alta Loma. They had one son and three daughters.

Eleanor Albert, who still lives at Alta Loma, California, recalls that Mrs. John F. Seaman taught at the Elk Valley school and rode horseback from her home in Crescent City. When she attended school there in the 1880's, Josephine, Minerva and John Endert were attending, also Fred Boyet, Joe Alexander, Alvena Moscher, Annie Morse, and Belinda Dowdell. Mary Jane Dowdell, she thought, was through school at that time.

The Del Norte *Record* of August 29, 1891 contains this item about the proposed wagon road to the Klamath: "Supervisor Johnson has given

us the following figures as to the cost of building fences on the line of the proposed Klamath Wagon road route from Waltons to Alexanders. George Walton \$264; J. Fowler \$196; Wenger & Co. \$136; Dave Griffin \$172; Henry Alexander \$700; Sam Dowdell \$94; Smith's Ranch \$104."

E. W. Smith's place adjoined both the Albert ranch and the Geo. Walton ranch. They had two boys.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GRANDMA "MAC"

Eva Alpaugh McNamara was born in Elk Valley on May 23, 1876. She was the daughter of James Leander Alpaugh and Minerva Waggle Potter, whose first husband, Thomas Potter, had been lost at sea when his son, James W. Potter, was under six years of age.

James Alpaugh was born in 1832 in Amsterdam, Holland, and came with his parents to America in 1836. In 1852, James and his brother, Sylvester, left the family home at Hillsdale, Michigan, to seek their fortune in the West. James crossed the Isthmus on foot and, after reaching San Francisco, first settled in Sonoma County where he remained until 1874 when he arrived in Del Norte County on horseback.

Minerva Waggle was born in 1852 in Illinois, where her father and mother had settled after they were married. In 1854, Minerva's parents and their three children crossed the plains to California, also living in Sonoma County for several years. In the 1870's they moved to Del Norte County and bought a farm near Chetco. Minerva and James Alpaugh were married in 1875.

James Alpaugh bought 160 acres from Rupert Moscher in Elk Valley, which he cleared with a stump lifter—the first to be used in Del Norte County. Their children: Eva, Leander, Pat, Gertie and Abbie, were born in the old farmhouse that stood surrounded by a hedge of cypress trees until recent years.

Eva attended the old Lincoln School; L. F. Coburn was her first teacher. After graduating from grammar school, she rode horseback (side-saddle) into Crescent City every day for one year where she attended a private school conducted by Professor Walter F. Jones on 3rd Street. She paid a tuition fee of \$5.00 per month. Some of her schoolmates were Sam Miller, Ned Green, Maggie Rice, Joie Arthur, Nick Miller, Roland Bray, Dave Edwards, and Annie Marhoffer.

After having finished the year at Professor Jones's Academy, Eva made a trip by horseback to Langlois, Oregon, to take the examinations in order to become a teacher. She borrowed a race horse from Charlie Horn, Sr., and it took her four days to make the trip up the coast. Professor Capps, and Professor Guerrin, who was a noted speech specialist, were the professors who gave the tests. Although Eva passed the examinations, she never became a teacher.

A young man from Ireland claimed her attention, and on May 12, 1898, Eva and Thomas McNamara were married at the home of the bride. Thomas Augustine McNamara, better known as "Irish Tom," as there were three Tom McNamaras in the county at that time, was born in Dungarvan, County Waterford, Ireland, on August 28, 1865. He came to America when he was nineteen years of age. He was sponsored by Nicholas McNamara, Sr. of the American Hotel, who was his uncle.

Tom worked for Hobbs Wall & Company while they were still using bull teams. Later he went into the butcher business. In 1900 he bought about ninety acres from John Nickel which became and still is the Tom McNamara ranch. Tom often received mail simply addressed to "Irish Tom," Crescent City, California.

Eileen Moore tells this story of her childhood: "Mother and I were looking through an old trunk one day and there found my dad's naturalization papers. I looked puzzled and said to mother, 'Oh, I didn't know my father was a foreigner, I thought he came from Ireland!'"

Eva and Tom were the proud parents of four daughters and seven sons, nine of whom are still living. Now the grandchildren number twenty-four and the great-grandchildren twenty-two. Eva always made the best bread of anyone in the Valley, and all the children, her own and any of the neighboring children, always loved her homemade bread and jam. She still, at 84, is making the same wonderful homemade bread and still has a lot of boys around who can be seen at any time of the day coming out of the door with a "hunk" of bread and jam.

Besides rearing a large family, Eva is a charter member of the Veteran's Auxiliary, a member of the Del Norte Historical Society, and also a charter member of the Elk Valley Community Club, which is now about twenty years old. She served as president of the Community Club from 1940 to 1948 and has since been head of the committee which provides quilted comforters and clothes to burned-out families or any others in need of assistance. It is a congenial social and civic group and the women never rest from their role as benefactors, a role which is a fulfillment to the club founded with the idea of "just plain helping people and enjoying it." Eva is very proud of the folk whom they have been able to help, of the wheel chair which they bought to loan out to anyone who needs it, and of gifts at Christmas to those who might otherwise not receive any. They have helped the school when it was under severe financial strain, before it was incorporated with the Redwood District. They also donated \$25 to the Orleans Hospital fund. Some of the charter members include

Effie Jones, Carol Jones McClendon, Eunice Newman, Eileen McNamara Moore, Bobby Talbot, Marie Pozzi, Millie Barker, and Sue Morris.

Grandma Mac still lives on the old ranch, milks three or four cows, has one hundred head of ewes on the old hill, and takes care of the little lambs and about fifty chickens. She loves to go up into the mountains where she has 160 acres. She is planting more berries and fruit trees up there for her ever-increasing family.

The Alpaugh place has been sold except for the part belonging to Eva which adjoins her own place, so she still owns part of her parents' old home. Of her brothers, Pat and Leander never married, and Pat passed away in 1960. Her sister, Abbie, married James Robson, son of James and Jane (Stewart) Robson, natives of Ireland. Their children were: James; Herman, who married Marie Younker; Elna; Estella, who married Dewey Harris; Agnes; Edna, who married Delos Kemp; and Nadine, who married Raymond Finley.

Grandma Mac is the mother of twins, the grandmother of twins, and the great grandmother of twins, which must be a record in itself.

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,

* * * * *

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it:

Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever use—they've grown into yer heart;
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumbmarks on the door.

* * * * *

Ye've got t' sing and dance fer years, ye've got t' romp and play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day.

* * * * *

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

—Edgar A. Guest.

CHILDREN OF EVA AND THOMAS McNAMARA:

Ruby—born at Point St. George ranch on December 31, 1898.

Married Amato Flocchini. They have five sons, two of whom are twins, five daughters and seven grandchildren.

Living at Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Eileen—born in Crescent City, June 1, 1901.

Married Horace E. (Jim) Moore, deceased. They have two sons, Bob and Dick, and five grandchildren. Bob has twin girls, Pat and Pam.

James (Jim)—born in Elk Valley, June 15, 1903.

Married Pearl Del Ponte. They have two daughters and two grandchildren.

Velma—born in Elk Valley, July 8, 1905.

Married Kay Wymore, Eureka, both deceased. They had one daughter and two grandchildren.

Tom—born in Elk Valley, December 30, 1907.

Killed in an accident when he was 14.

Marcia—born in Elk Valley, December 26, 1909.

Married Timothy Moore, brother of Jim. They have three daughters and four grandchildren.

Living in Ukiah.

Joe—born in Elk Valley, April 8, 1913.

Married Agnes Holt. They have one son.

John—born in Elk Valley, August 11, 1915.

Married Jeraldine Cabrall. They have two sons and two grandchildren.

Ralph and Rufus (Bob), twins—born in Elk Valley, January 30, 1918.

Ralph married Amelia Rossini. They have one daughter.

Bob married Ruby Wallace. They have one son (adopted) and live at Orick, California.

Frank—born in Elk Valley, February 6, 1921.

Married Patricia Newman. They have two daughters.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE WINTER OF '90

This was the winter that serves as a comparison to any succeeding wet winters in the history of the county. The rain came down in torrents. Streams were swollen and overflowed their banks, washing out some of the smaller wooden bridges on the Elk Valley road. Everywhere there were ponds of water in the fields. Seagulls sought refuge from the storms and flew inland. Large redwoods toppled as the rain softened the earth and the gale whipped the treetops. Roads became impassable with debris, mud, floods, and washed-out bridges.

On January 28 and 29, the heavy rains washed the snow from the mountains and Smith River was on the rampage. The water rose higher than ever remembered by the oldest citizens. Many ranches in the Smith River Valley were flooded and numerous head of stock were lost. No paper mail had been able to reach Crescent City overland for over a

month. On January 18 the mail carrier left Gasquet on snowshoes for over the mountains with letter mail from Crescent City.

The beach at Crescent City was a mute witness to the terrible rainfall that fell in the mountains. From Battery Point to three miles down the coast, the beach was piled with drift. One could see portions of water wheels, windlasses, crib sluice boxes, derricks, and other miners' equipment. Trees thirty to forty feet long were washed out by the roots, and sawed logs from Lord's sawmill at Orleans Bar littered the beach.

One young man, destined to become John Nickel's son-in-law, rode out the storm on a lumber schooner off the coast from Crescent City. Morris Hancock, Rosa Nickel's fiance, had obtained leave from his job with the Western Electric Company of Chicago in January of 1890. He came out from Chicago on the Santa Fe Railroad, arriving in San Francisco January 20. After waiting for eight days, he finally arranged passage to Crescent City on the steamer *Crescent City*, with Captain Stockfelt, on Monday, the 28th. They arrived off the coast at Crescent City on Wednesday, but could not get in to the wharf. Stockfelt tried again on Thursday, but again the swells were so high that it was impossible, so he set sail and headed west.

Finally, after nine days of being buffeted about by the storm and rough seas, and with little food left, they were still unable to anchor at the wharf but the passengers were brought ashore on a lighter on February 5. Morris spent the night at the Travelers Hotel, which was managed by Mrs. Delilah Hendershott, an old family friend. The next morning, hiring a saddle horse from the stable, he started for the Nickel ranch in Elk Valley. Bridges were out, streams swollen and the mud was deep. By wading the streams, and slipping and sliding through the mud, he at last had traversed the long six miles and arrived, a much bedraggled suitor, at the Nickel ranch. Rosa had not known that Morris was on the steamer.

John Nickel was not too pleased with his daughter's choice. Electrical Engineering, which had been Morris' major at the University of Wisconsin, was in its infancy at that time, and John questioned Morris' ability to support a family in this profession. However, Rosa and Morris were married on Lincoln's Birthday—Wednesday, February 12—at 11 a.m., with Rev. E. A. Wible officiating. The sun shone briefly during the ceremony, presaging good fortune for the young couple.

After a sumptuous wedding breakfast (which was the tradition in those times), the newlyweds started for Crescent City in a covered buggy. But the brief lull in the storm did not last long—rain came again in torrents and they could not ford the streams, or navigate the mud, without fear of becoming stranded. They turned back and took the road north toward Smith River where they intercepted the afternoon train on the Hobbs & Wall Railroad and rode to Crescent City in the passenger coach. The passenger fare on the coach was fifty cents. Arriving in Crescent City,

they spent nine days awaiting the departure of the steamer, *Crescent City*. They finally reached San Francisco, where they boarded their train for Chicago.

Previous to Rosa's marriage she had conducted an art studio in Crescent City for several years in the old Record Building, which was then very new. Rosa and Morris Hancock lived in New York state and Chicago, moving about as his company required. In 1893 Morris had charge of the Western Electric Company's exhibit at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and in 1894 he superintended the exhibit at the Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco. In the fall of 1895 he was sent to Nevada City, California, to help in the construction and to take charge of the operating of a power plant, which was the forerunner of the P.G. & E. facility. While here, their only daughter, Nellie, was born on November 19, 1896. In the fall of 1903 the Western Electric Company recommended Morris for the job of exploring the power possibilities in New Zealand. Rosa and Nellie accompanied him on this trip. Shortly after his return in 1904, he and his brother, Will, took over the power plant in Fortuna and Loleta, where they lived for about seven years. Morris' next venture was an apple orchard in the Pajaro Valley, near Watsonville. Rosa inherited one-half of her father's ranch in Elk Valley, but never lived, permanently, in the Valley after her marriage. She eventually sold her acreage. In later years they came back to Northern California and Oregon to live, and while at Brookings, Oregon, in 1922 Nellie married George Bosch, a son of a pioneer, John Bosch. They had one son, Chester. Nellie died of tuberculosis on October 17, 1928. Rosa and Morris reared their grandson, moving back to Fortuna. Here Rosa died on December 13, 1940, and Morris died on January 13, 1944. Chester Bosch and his wife, Maxine, have seven children, two girls and five boys.

Almost every winter in those early days there were times when the steamers had difficulty in tying up at the wharf on account of the rough seas. Sometimes the stores would be unable to keep groceries on their shelves. But it seemed that the saloons always had their shelves well stocked. During one of these times when flour was hard to get, this jingle was written by "Country Cousin" and was published in the county paper.

A JINGLE

A town there is in the west country
And a queerer one never was seen.
For there they have one grocery store
But of saloons they have fifteen.

The country people come to town
To buy a week's supplies.
The merchant says, "No flour now.
Wait till the steamer comes," he cries.

The farmer wends his homeward way
And waits a week or more,
Then goes again into the town
That has but one grocery store.

"Oh can I get some flour now?"
He begs the merchant say.
"Yes," he replies, "but just one sack
Is all you can have today."

Now I suppose if this country man
Had gone to this town so queer
And asked for a couple of cases of wine
Or a dozen kegs of beer,

His wants in that line could be supplied
At "any old time" you say.
The dealers in "wet goods" would not
Have to "wait for the steamer, today."

But suppose he did get whiskey or beer
Could he feed his family on that?
Would it add to his health or strength, now say
Or put on any good solid fat?

Now it seems to me in a country like this
Where it rains most all the year
We ought to have plenty of water to drink
Without resorting to beer.

And I would suggest that the places for drink
Be changed into groceries instead.
So this is the end of the jingle I've made
Concerning the getting of bread.

—Country Cousin.

For many years there was no bridge across Elk Creek, and, in order to reach Crescent City, travelers from Elk Valley and Gasquet had to drive down onto the beach in order to cross the creek. One day Mr. and Mrs. John Nickel were crossing the creek and about midway the wagon got stuck in the sand and the horses could not pull them out. Their only solution was to wade ashore. Mrs. Nickel was wearing the ankle-length skirts of those times, and to say she got wet would be putting it mildly. Fortunately, a good friend of hers, Mrs. Martin Jones, Sr., lived just across the creek, and she insisted on Mrs. Nickel coming in and changing her skirt. Mrs. Nickel was very humiliated for wherever she went she left a trail of sand and water like an old sea serpent.

A runaway occurred in this same locale in January of 1887. "On Thursday morning," the article reads, "the delivery team of Hobbs Wall & Co. concluded to have a little jamboree on their own hook and so started off for a run. They ran from near the mill down the beach and started to cross the slough to town. The tide being high, they swam around for some time seeming bewildered and would perhaps have been drowned had not assistance been rendered. This, however, was not an easy undertaking and several men were nearly drowned, the surf running over them before the horses could be unhitched and brought to shore. This is an old trick of one of the horses of the team, however, this time we believe no great damage was done."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CRYSTAL SPRINGS CREAMERY

In 1875 John Nickel began building his second house on the southern part of his large acreage. He had leased out this portion until his daughter, Ida, and her husband, Frank Turner, came from Watsonville to help run the ranch. Ida and Frank lived in this second house for many years. This southern end of the Nickel ranch was eventually deeded to Ida by her father, and after his death it became known as the Turner ranch.

Ida Nickel, after attending Lincoln School, went to Napa College at Napa, California, and was graduated from there in 1888. After having passed the county Teacher's Examinations, she taught at the Bradford School at Smith River for two years. She attended San Jose Normal, from which she was graduated in June 1893. While living in San Jose she met Frank Turner, son of Christiana and James Turner, and they were married December 25, 1895, in the Willow Glen Church in San Jose. They went to Watsonville to live on a small farm, and here their first daughter, Ruth, was born, December 17, 1896. In 1897 Frank and Ida came to Del Norte County to help Ida's father, John Nickel, run his large ranch. Expecting to stay only a year or two, they remained the rest of their lives. Two daughters were born in the Valley, Lois on August 5, 1898, and Frances on January 24, 1900. Grace was born in Crescent City on December 15, 1910. Ida taught for several years at various times at Lincoln School and the girls all attended grammar school there, later graduating from Del Norte High School. Ruth married Arthur Drury (deceased); they had no children. Lois married James Carr; they had one daughter and four grandchildren. Frances married Willis McBeth; they have three children and seven grandchildren. Grace married Sig Arno; they have two children. Ida died in the Valley on November 14, 1934. In 1940,

Frank went to live with his daughter, Ruth, at Goodyears Bar in Sierra County, and died there on February 27, 1949.

The *Crescent City Courier* of March 25, 1876 gives this lengthy description of the new improvements: "Among the improvements in this valley are those of Mr. Nickel, who is building quite extensively. He is putting up or has nearly completed a full complement of buildings for dairying purposes. The most prominent object that will meet the travelers' eye is the milking shed. It is one of the largest in the county and is also probably the best arranged.

"It is divided into two compartments or two halves, if you please, with a driveway between and feed passages at the sides. Each department contains two rows of stanchions. Over these are large rooms for the storing of feed. The floor has a fall of six inches from front to rear elevation and is supported by a well posted foundation.

"On the north side are large braces for staying the building. Down these, halfway to the ground, a roof will be made for sheltering calves. It is the intention to board up the south side to ward off storms. From this side will be made a walkway to the dairy house which stands about 50 feet distant. This is a commodious and good-sized structure, mounted on blocks high and dry. It contains two milk rooms, butter room and store room, all of which are nicely whitened inside and out, the whole presenting a good appearance. The exterior is especially attractive to the passerby.

"The milk room will be provided with 14 reels, capable of holding a thousand pans of milk. At the rear is the butter room where the 'extract' of the cream is obtained and made ready for market. The extractor or churn is to be run by horse power upon the treadmill principle. The shaft upon which the belt runs is turned by means of the friction pulley which works underneath the bevelled rim of the tread wheel. When mounted within its frame and the whole erected, it will be a creditable addition to the other improvements. It is fair to say that the plan is partly original with Mr. Nickel and if successful he is deserving of credit. We believe he will succeed.

"Out of the butter room a door opens into the store room which runs full length of the dairy house. In this the butter will be stored for shipping. On the front and south side is a porch. On the post of the latter, a pan rack for sunning and airing the pans is to be made.

"A few feet to the south of the door opening out of the butter room onto the porch is the boiler room for heating water. This is connected with the main building by a walk. Into this room pipe will convey the water from the branch which runs close by. Mr. James Alpaugh has the contract for boring them. [The pipes were made of short pieces of wood which were bored lengthwise with an auger, then joined together by iron couplings.]

"Below the dairy house a short distance will be the hog pen. Into a

large vat, milk will be conveyed by means of a box pipe running directly from underneath the milk room. From this vat of skimmed milk the hogs will be fed. The sink, Mr. Nickel is endeavoring to construct upon a new plan, the object being to prevent the effluvia from the pipes coming into the room, by means of a valve arranged so as to effectually close the outlet of the sink box.

"With this rather imperfect sketch of the dairy building we will hastily describe the plan of the new dwelling to be built on the opposite side of the road east of the dairy improvements. It is to be a one story box frame, weatherboarded with rustic. The main building, including hall, parlor and kitchen, will stand east and west—the parlor being in front and the kitchen directly back. The former is to be 12x14; the latter 16x18. The hall 4x18 runs from front to kitchen between parlor and north wing. There are two wings, each one divided into two bedrooms size 8x12. The location is a pretty one and convenient to running water the year round. With all these new additions to his farm, Mr. Nickel ought to consider himself happy in the possession of a pleasant and conveniently arranged home."

At one time Mr. and Mrs. Aelius Giacomini had this place leased from John Nickel, then, later, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Deo came to manage this part of the ranch.

The parents of Fred Deo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Deo, came from Illinois when Fred was only three years old and settled on Rowdy Creek in the Smith River Valley about 1873. Charles Deo was a veteran of the Civil War and always walked with a cane because of an injury received in combat. However, he carried on his trade as carpenter, nonetheless. The *Del Norte Record* records on February 12, 1887: "Lee DeCoss is having his building at Smith River remodelled both inside and out—the work is being done by Charles F. Deo." Charles Deo also served for several years in the 1890's as Justice of the Peace at Smith River. He died in 1903.

On January 7, 1896, his son, Fred, and Carrie Pollard of Ferndale were married. They lived at Fort Dick while Fred worked on the Tryon ranch. Later the *Record* mentions, "Fred Deo is returning to Crescent City with his family, having been at Ferndale for two years." Their son, Roy, was born October 15, 1896 and became one of the leading businessmen of Crescent City. He was also one of the prime movers in community baseball and had earned the nickname of "Mr. Baseball." Roy married first, Pernina Moore, and secondly, Hazel Goodlin, of Spokane, Washington. They had no children. Roy died suddenly in May of 1953.

Fred and Carrie next had a daughter, Vivian, who married Horace DeBernardi, also of a pioneer family of Del Norte County. They have two children and four grandchildren. Vivian and Horace reside at Roseburg, Oregon.

Their second son, Charles, married Pauline Gilmore of Gold Beach, Oregon. They have five children and four grandchildren. Ralph, the

youngest son, married Aina Colvin of Gold Beach and they have one son, Roy.

After working as a buttermaker for several years in the Valley, Mr. Deo bought acreage which was a part of the old Jordon ranch and built his family a new home. Later they sold and moved to Smith River Valley. Here Carrie passed away on March 20, 1937, and Fred died on December 25, 1940.

Around the turn of the century, John Nickel, with the help of some of the neighbors, converted the dairy house into the Crystal Springs Creamery. They installed a steam engine to run the churn, a separator, instead of skimming the cream from pans, and a larger churn to take care of the increased amount of cream from the other dairymen of the Valley. Fred Deo was hired as the buttermaker. His daughter, Vivian, recalls that she used to "go to the creamery to watch her father until her mother discovered that she was getting too plump from eating so much butter, and wouldn't let her go any more."

Much of the butter was shipped to San Francisco via steamer. Because of the abundance of green grass in the Valley, the butter from the herds was very yellow, especially in the spring. The commission house which handled the butter once wrote to them to "refrain from putting so much yellow coloring in your butter as some of our customers are complaining about it."

Eva McNamara recalls that her father, James Alpaugh, claimed that he shipped the first box of fresh butter ever sent out of Del Norte County. It was when he had the Nickel ranch rented. The butter at an early date, before the Creamery, was pressed into wooden molds that were square on the outside and round on the inside. The butter was made one roll at a time, the roll being about the size of the top of a teacup and about six inches long and weighing two pounds. After the rolls were made, they were wrapped in small pieces of cloth, much like cheesecloth but containing lots of starch, which was called butter cloth.

At the time of the Crystal Springs Creamery the butter was made into two-pound squares, wrapped in butter paper, and packed in wooden boxes. The *Record* of May 25, 1895 says: ". . . the Elk Valley Creamery is turning out 285 pounds of butter a day." Bledsoe, in his history of Del Norte County published in 1881, lists the principal dairymen of the county, and among them are these from Elk Valley: Eli Howland, 40 cows; James Alpaugh, 40 cows; M. V. (Pat) Jones, 70 cows; and John Nickel, 87 cows. The milk was gathered every morning from those who were sending their milk or cream to the creamery. It was put into large cans, not like the milk cans of today, and placed on a rack near the road where the driver with his team and wagon picked them up and delivered them to the dairy.

Early in the 1900's a large creamery was built at Smith River, and with the beginning of trucking in the 1920's, the Crystal Springs Creamery was discontinued.

THE COOPER SHOP

About two miles from Crescent City, near the junction of the Gasquet Road with the Elk Valley Road, stood a small building that served many years as a cooorage, which was owned and operated by William Edwards. It was a one-man shop where he made barrels for the farmers, to be used in shipping butter, pork, apples and other produce to San Francisco and Oregon. He obtained the barrel shoo from the Elk River Mill, then steamed the staves so as to shape the barrels.

A standard barrel for apples in the United States took a 28½-inch stave. The diameter of the head was 17½ inches and the distance between heads was 26 inches. The circumference of the bulge was 64 inches, representing as nearly as possible 7056 cubic inches.

In one of John Nickel's old account books in 1876, his entry to Wooster, Shattuck & Co., a commission house in San Francisco, read: "4 hundred lb. kegs solid (butter) ; 7 bbls. pickled (butter) ; 2 tierces, 128 rolls each; 7 tierces solid, 300 lbs. each; 1 box fresh rolls; 5 bbls. Ex. Clear Pork; 4 bbls. Prime pork; 1 bbl. Pigs feet, pickled." A tierce was a cask or barrel used for packing butter in salt and was constructed in two sizes to hold an approximate weight of either 304 or 336 lbs.

As San Francisco was the nearest accessible market other than the local trade, many barrels were necessary for the shipping of produce on the steamers. When his cows were dry in the wintertime, William spent his time in the making of barrels.

William Edwards was born in Wales on May 27, 1836, where his parents, John and Elizabeth Edwards, were also born. His father was a freeholder, following the occupation of a farmer. Having accumulated the vast sum of \$60,000, John and Elizabeth and their seventeen-year-old son, William, sailed for America about 1853. They bought a 300-acre farm in Wisconsin, where they lived for the remainder of their lives.

William had obtained a good education in Wales from the best schools available, but as he was only seventeen years old when his family settled in Wisconsin, his education was completed in that state. Later, he and Miss Mary Powell were married, and in 1866 they came to Northern California, where in 1868 they purchased 120 acres in Elk Valley from John Malone. Here they built a lovely home and planted an orchard and a row of cypress trees as a windbreak from the ocean winds. For a number of years he operated the farm as a dairy, but later devoted his time to general farming.

William and Mary's children were: Margaret, who married Charles Poyer and had a millinery store for many years in Crescent City; Dr. William Jr., who was graduated from Yale and San Francisco Medical College and became a successful medical doctor in San Francisco; Hugh, who spent many years in the mercantile business in Marshfield, Oregon, and in Oakland, California; David, who was graduated from dental college and practiced both in San Francisco and Crescent City; and Mamie, who married Mr. Shirley, a former bookkeeper for Horace Gasquet.

When, in 1885, the Chinese were told to leave Crescent City, because of their Tong wars, the opium dens which had become a menace to the youth of the town, and the filthy condition of their block of dwellings which was located almost in the center of the fast-growing community, most of them left peacefully by steamers which had been provided for the purpose. They lost themselves in San Francisco's Chinatown.

However, a handful of them missed the boat or else decided to stay, so they were taken in a wagon to the crossroads near the Edwards place and were expected to make their way over the wountain to the mining camps in Oregon. They had been able to bring few belongings with them, and that night and for several days, William Edwards befriended them, giving them food and allowing them to sleep in the haymow until they could get transportation northward.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

LANDMARKS—JORDON CREEK

Several landmarks in the Valley are named for pioneers—Howland Hill and McNamara's Mound have already been mentioned. Jordon Creek was also named for an early landowner, George Jordon, who preempted the land which is now the Kemp ranch. He carried on a business of "Ranching Stock" in the very early days. A great many pack mules, burros and horses were used to carry ore from the mines at Altaville to the steamers at Crescent City and then to carry provisions and equipment back to the mines as far as Southern Oregon. Thus the caring for and feeding of this stock became a good business in the days of pack trains.

Jordon Creek ran through this property, furnishing water for the stock and also helping to keep the grazing lands green. The Creek has its source in the mountains to the east of the Valley and in the winter is swollen by the runoff from the hills. In its meandering to Lake Earl, it creates veritable swamps in the rainy season; at other places it has carved out a deeper channel where trout were often found in the early days.

The George Roy family came to Del Norte County in 1883 and shortly thereafter purchased the Jordon ranch. George Roy's parents came originally from Scotland and settled in Massachusetts, later moving to Vermont, where their son, George, was born in 1840. George Roy came to San Francisco in 1865 where he operated a dairy until 1878. In 1880 George and Louise M. Roessel were married. Louise was born in Sonora, California, on June 5, 1857. Her parents had come from Alsace Lorraine, around the Horn in a sailing vessel in 1849, and her father had homesteaded near Sonora. Louise had attended Mills College and San Jose Normal.

After their marriage they lived for three years in Marin County where their two oldest boys, Charles and Eugene, were born. In 1883 they moved to Del Norte County, living on the Jordon ranch for a number of years and later they purchased the Tom Stanton ranch in the Valley, both of which they lost to William Malone because of financial reverses. It was then that Mrs. Roy began her teaching career in the county. She taught in the Ocean district until 1892; at Crescent City, 1893-94; Lincoln School, 1894-98; and Fort Dick, fall of 1898-1906. Mrs. Roy taught in the schools of the county for fifteen years.

Besides the two boys already mentioned, the Roys' other children were Grace Roy Drew, who lives in the Smith River Valley; Emily Roy Crane, who lives at Citrus Heights, California; Evelyn, Chester, and Olive who lives at Fallon, Nevada. George Roy died in Nevada in 1928, and all of the boys in the family are gone. The girls have a total of sixteen grandchildren. All of the older children attended the Lincoln School in the Valley.

After Mr. Malone came into possession of the ranch, he later sold it to Luke Kemp and Fred Deo, who were brothers-in-law. The Kemp family came to the Valley from Humboldt County about 1909 and helped to swell the attendance of the school with their large family. Pollard, the oldest son, still runs the ranch. He married Frances Moore, who was of the Musick family, which came to the county in the 1880's.

THE REDWOOD

by RUTH TURNER

I hail thee, mighty monarch of the forest,
Thy rugged branch, thy aged crest,
A thousand years the winter's gale
Has bowed thy tops without avail;
A thousand years the summer breeze
Has murmured thru thee, mighty trees;
A thousand years the sun's first ray
Has gilded thy tops at peep of day,
And the setting sun as it sank low
Has clothed thee with the afterglow.

A thousand years the moonlight bright,
When clear as crystal was the night,
Has silhouetted 'gainst the sky
Thy mighty figures, dark and high.
A thousand years by hill and dale,
By babbling brook and mountain trail,
The violet blue hath dropped its head,
And Spring and the robin have come and fled;
The trillium, too, hath startled there
In April days its blossom fair,
And laughed to see the sunbeams bright
Light up the gloom of the green twilight,
Or hear the linnet's morning trill
Echo far from hill to hill.

A thousand years the Autumn's cold
Has changed the leaves to red and gold,
And the Autumn breeze has shaken them down
And left them lying sear and brown;
The bird notes sweet have ceased to sound,
The flowers have withered to the ground.
But still thou standst amid it all,
For thou, thou wert not born to fall!
Beneath thy shade with fleeting tread
The timid deer hath often fled

When within the gloom of the woodland depth
He hath heard the red man's stealthy step;
Beneath thy shade at night or day
The crouching panther has downed its prey.
But now the red man's rule is o'er;
His swarthy face is seen no more;
He cowers beneath the conquerer's tread,
His wigwam burned, his warriors dead.
Kingdoms and nations have come and gone,
But still, O monarch, thou livest on.

The powerful reigns of the kings of old,
With their marble halls and their vaults of gold,
Seem to thee, in thy aged sway,
The fanciful dream of one short day.

When another thousand years are past,
Wilt thou still brave the winter's blast?
Wilt thou still stand, stately, sublime,
On and on to the end of time?

LUMBERING

It was in 1869-1870 when the long-delayed development of the timber resources of Del Norte County began to fan the fast-expiring embers of vitality.

An old sawmiller gives this history of the sawmills of the county in one of the early papers. "The first sawmill built in Del Norte County was built by F. E. Weston in the year 1853, and was located in the gulch near the junction of C and Third streets, and was intended to supply the local demand for lumber. After running a year or two it was moved to G Street in the gulch opposite the residence of Hon. W. A. Hamilton; then a flour mill was attached to it, the whole being superintended by Thos. G. Kingsland. All redwood logs used at this mill were hauled from what is now known as the Howland Hill, and were hauled on two large wheels about twelve feet in diameter. This mill was burned in the year 1856 and Mr. Kingsland took as much of the machinery as could be used and built a mill near Elk Creek. The next mill built was owned by W. Bayse and was located on Mill Creek, about six miles from Crescent City. This mill was operated by water power. It was owned at different times of its existence by several parties, the editor of the *Record* being an owner at one time. A road was built over the hill for the purpose of hauling lumber into town, but the cost of transportation was so great that after a few years the enterprise was abandoned.

"A mill was built on Smith River near where the railroad bridge crosses and was operated by M. Smith. The Fairbank Bros. built a mill at or near the Smith River Corners; N. O. Armington became interested in it and a flour mill was put in and operated by J. G. Anthony, the present owner of the property. A horse-powered mill was started near where the Elk River mill now stands, but as the carpenter building the City Hotel was able to pack the lumber from the mill to the hotel and work it up as fast as it was sawed, it was not considered a good investment and was abandoned.

"Up to this time there had been no thought of shipping lumber from this county, the principal business being centered in the Forwarding and Commission business, as all of the goods needed in Northern California and Southern Oregon were shipped to this point by steamers and an occasional sailing vessel. Freight on steamers being from \$10 to \$15 per ton, and as we had no wharf, the freight was loaded onto lighters at a cost of \$3 per ton and added to that \$1 for drayage, making \$19 a ton or nearly a cent a pound on all freight shipped. Goods for the interior were carried

on pack mules and it was not an uncommon thing to see 150 mules packed in one day. But the scene changed, wagon roads were being built leading to the various places where we had business relations and packing became a thing of the past.

"The people began to notice that we had immense forests of redwood and spruce and why not utilize it. A public meeting was called and it was conceded that something had to be done to keep the place alive and the results of the deliberations was that we must build a sawmill, but how? It was determined to organize a company, which was done, and those who had money to put in, could do so, and if there were men who wished to work on the building and take stock for their pay, they were at liberty to do so. Several men availed themselves of the opportunity and all of them sold their stock to the large stockholder. The mill was located on Lake Earl and after running about a year, all of the original owners except A. M. Simpson and J. Wenger & Co., dropped out. This mill was operated until last May when it took fire and burned up, proving a severe loss to the community. [This mill was built in 1870—burned in 1890.]

"When the building of the mill was first talked of, trouble appeared as to how we could ship the lumber but that was soon settled by Justus Wells and J. K. Johnson, who built a wharf. The first shipment, however, was made in the following way: The lumber was hauled in wagons from the mill and piled on the beach above high water mark; a sufficient number of rollers were made to reach about 200 yards, 3 feet apart, which ran the lumber to the lighters. The schooner, *Fanny Jane*, with our old friend, Peter Caughell as master, took away the first load of lumber and after several cargoes had been sent to San Francisco, the lighters were loaded alongside the wharf.

"About this time the attention of lumbermen was attracted to this place, and Mr. Caleb Hobbs and David Pomeroy of the firm of Hobbs, Gilmore & Co's box factory of S.F., came to take a look and the result was that they soon built a mill and box factory on Elk Creek. J. G. Wall became associated with them and the firm at present is Hobbs, Wall & Co. This mill has been worked with apparent success, the company having built a railroad to Smith River and also have two of their own steamers carrying lumber, the *Crescent City* and *Del Norte*. They also do a good business in passengers and freight."

This railroad was built by Hobbs, Wall & Co. primarily as a logging road in the 1880's. By September 1889, a bridge had been completed across Smith River to carry the railroad on to Smith River Corners. The *Del Norte Record* reported, "The free excursion given by the C.C. & S.R.R.R. last Sunday to the end of the road was largely attended. Two trains were run during the day, both carrying a large number of passengers. Jack Dow was at the throttle and brought the train to and from the end of the road without mishap to mar the day. The last train consisted of twelve cars loaded to utmost capacity." The new depot was finished by 1893 at the corner of K and Third streets; Mr. N. F. Burgett was the contractor. The *Record* described it thus: "The building will

have two wings facing Third Street—each 25 by 30 feet—one to be used for freight and the other, the office and waiting room. The walls are eighteen feet high, the roof will have three vents. There are two tracks with a switch system to enable trains to draw up to either platform. The structure has a fine appearance and will be an ornament to that part of town." The building still stands and is used as a freight terminal.

It is this mill that affected the redwood, spruce and fir forests on the perimeter of Elk Valley and which is of most interest in its history. When the mill was built in 1871, the logs were hauled on skid roads by teams of oxen to the mill ditch. The logs were floated down the ditch to the slough, where they could be rafted on to the mill. Because of the large amount of rainfall in this corner of California, the skid roads could only be used to advantage during the dry weather, so logging operations were suspended during the winter season.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

In the fifty years since the elk roamed the Valley, undisturbed except by the Indians, many white people had traversed the length of the Valley. Farms had been pre-empted and sold, but a few families stayed throughout the years—the true pioneers. No gold had glittered in the streams; farming prevailed the length and breadth of the Valley.

Soldiers had marched from Crescent City to establish the military Camp Lincoln at the head of the Valley. They had stayed a few years and departed as they had come.

Pack trains carried food and supplies to the miners of Southern Oregon. The Crescent City Plank and Turnpike Road, which brought six-horse freight wagons with their tinkling bells, was surveyed through the Valley. Later, the Gasquet Toll Road over Howland Hill took its place.

Several railroad surveys, attempting to connect Grants Pass on the north with Eureka on the south, had been made by way of the Valley. Each time much excitement occurred as plans for the new route spread around the community.

Early in the 1900's, peddlers came and went. The one most remembered was X. A. Phillips who first walked through the Valley carrying his heavy peddler's pack with clothes so skillfully packed in his case that it

was a marvel to watch him show his merchandise. His visits were anticipated by young and old alike; children hoarded their pennies for the next visit of X. A. Phillips. This endeavor finally led to the establishment of a route with a team and wagon, with a much larger stock of merchandise. It was not long until he had opened a dry goods store in Crescent City, where he sold "Good Goods at Honest Prices."

About 1908 the first telephone line came through the Valley and for the first time connected the farmers with Crescent City and the outside world. Much news was learned through the party line and it was much easier to find out whether the steamer had arrived or the mail had gotten in on time.

Now over one hundred years have elapsed since the first men settled in the Valley. Much land has been cleared and more timber has been cut, some of which has grown since the area was first logged off in the 1880's. Several motels have sprung up to care for the tourists who travel the modern highways that now bisect the Valley. The Serterides Grocery Store stands near the site of John Nickel's second home, the only store to exist in the Valley other than the sutler's store at Camp Lincoln. Acres have been subdivided into home sites and many people commute to their work in Crescent City. The Valley is fast becoming a modern suburban area.

APPENDIX

AN INDEX TO THE RELATIVE LOCATION OF RANCHES IN ELK VALLEY in the late 1800's

Starting at the northern end of the Valley at old Camp Lincoln: This ranch was acquired by John Y. Valentine as a military land grant because of his service in the War of 1812. He sold to Geo. Herrall in 1862, and during his ownership it was leased to the Federal Government for use as a military camp. Later it was known as the Jones ranch and is today known as the Finley ranch.

Next, to the south, was the John Nickel ranch, which at its height encompassed nearly one thousand acres. He divided it between his two daughters, Ida and Rosa. They in turn sold to many different people, until now probably 75 or 100 families live on this acreage. Eileen McNamara Moore owns part of it, as does also her mother, Eva McNamara.

Adjoining the Nickel ranch was the James and Minerva Alpaugh

ranch, part of which was purchased from Rupert Moscher. It was eventually divided between the children, Eva, Abbie, Henry, and Leander.

About a mile from the McNamara Mound and across the road from Alpaugh's was the Alec Gordon place, originally the Geo. Jordon place, and later, the Roy, Malone and Kemp ranch.

Eli Howland bought acreage from John Mavity in 1870. Later, his son, Robert, came into possession of it. Robert Howland's grandson, Robert Stary, now runs the ranch. Near here was the Barney McCrush farm.

Then came the ranches of John and Peter Moscher, who each bought 80 acres from John D. Kirkham. Across the road from them was the Tom Stanton farm. The "Lower Ranch" of Eli Howland adjoined these ranches and was also bordered by the Gasquet Toll Road. The Howland ranches included several hundred acres.

At the junction of the Gasquet Toll Road and Elk Valley road was the William Edward ranch and coopeage. Next came the Walton ranch which extended into the edge of Crescent City. Joseph Bertsch also owned a large ranch in this vicinity. Along the beach frontage were the Smith, Henry Albert, Sam Dowdell, Otto Steiger, Dave Griffin, and Henry Alexander ranches.

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Anyone who has engaged in research of any kind realizes that it is never completed. This booklet does not cover the *entire* history of the Valley, for many reasons—time, lack of space and definite information, or unknown data. The author would appreciate, and be happy to receive, further information on any subject or family relating to Elk Valley. Send letters to Mrs. Frances T. McBeth, 1520 Wellington St., Oakland, Calif.

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